AN

ODE

To the Right Honourable

THE

EARL of *HUNTINGDON.*

By Dr. *AKINSIDE.*

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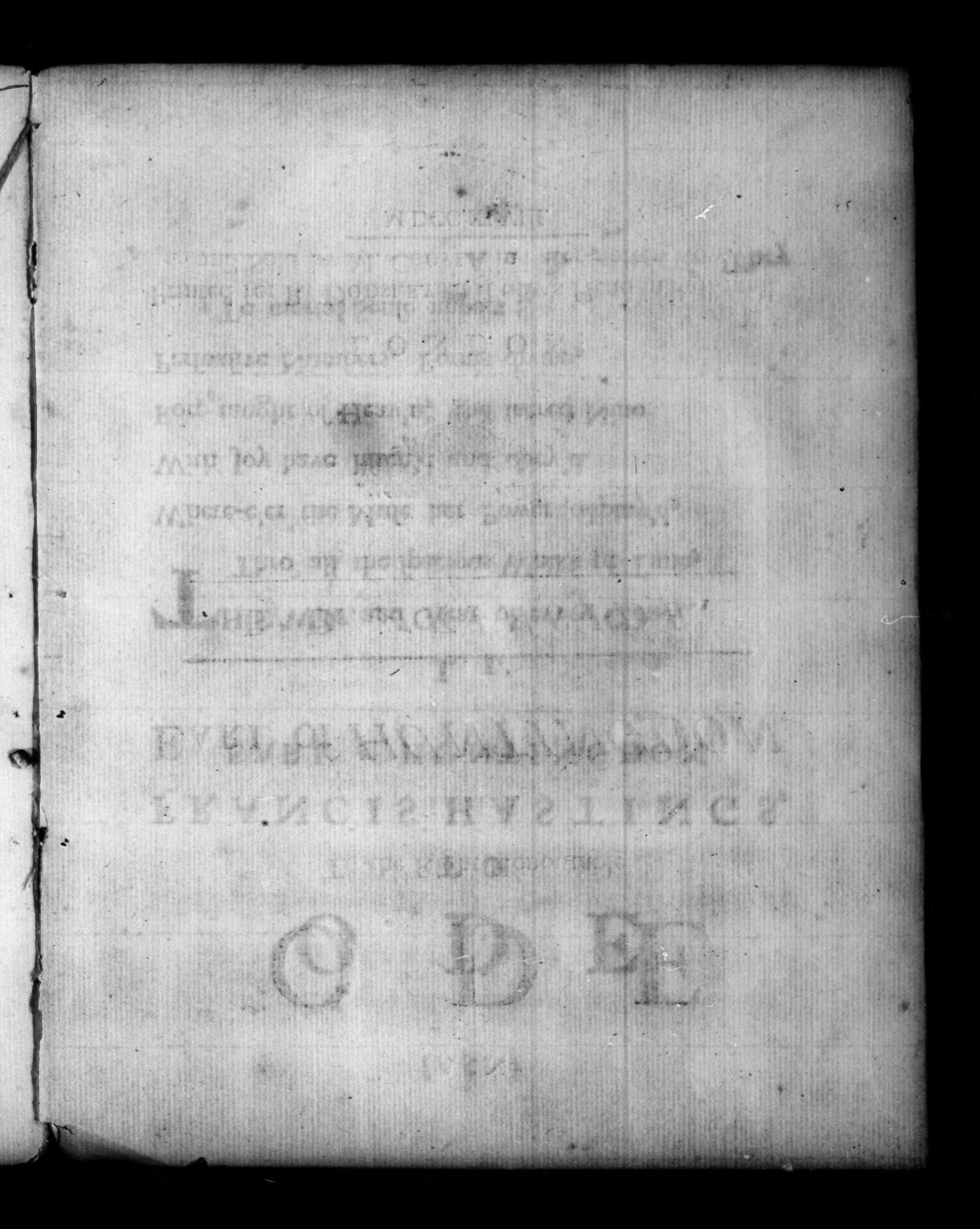

ODE
TO
FRANCIS HASTINGS,
EARL of HUNTINGDON.

I. 1.

THE Wiſe and Great of every Clime,
Thro' all the ſpacious Walks of Time,
Where-e'er the Muſe her Power diſplay'd,
With Joy have liſten'd and obey'd.
For, taught of Heav'n, the ſacred Nine
Perſuaſive Numbers, Forms divine,
To mortal Senſe impart:

They beſt the Soul with Glory fire;
They nobleſt Counſels, boldeſt Deeds inſpire;
And high o'er Fortune's Rage enthrone the fixed Heart.

I. 2.

Nor leſs prevailing is their Charm
The vengeful Boſom to diſarm;
To melt the Proud with human Woe,
And prompt unwilling Tears to flow.
Can Wealth a Power like this afford?
Can *Cromwell*'s Arts, or *Marlbro*'s Sword,
An equal Empire claim?
No, HASTINGS. Thou my Words wilt own:
Thy Breaſt to every Muſe was early known;
Nor ſhall the mutual Tie diſgrace thy noble Name.

I. 3.

I. 3.

The Muſe's genuine Praiſe,
And the fair Function of the Poet's Tongue,
Ne'er ſhalt thou bluſh to vindicate and raiſe
From all that ſcorned Vice or ſlaviſh Fear hath ſung.
Nor ſhall the Blandiſhment of *Tuſcan* Strings
Warbling at Will in Pleaſure's myrtle Bower;
Nor ſhall the baſer Notes to *Celtic* Kings
By lying Minſtrels paid in evil Hour,
Move THEE to ſpurn the heavenly Muſe's Reign.
A different Strain,
And other Themes
From *her* prophetic Shades and hallow'd Streams
(Thou well can'ſt witneſs) viſit the chaſte Ear:
Such, as when *Greece* to her immortal Shell

Rejoicing

Rejoicing liſten'd, godlike Words to hear;
To hear the ſweet Inſtructreſs tell
(While Men and Heroes throng'd around)
How Life its nobleſt Uſe may find,
How beſt for Freedom be reſign'd;
And how by Glory Virtue ſhall be crown'd.

II. 1.

Such was the *Chian* Father's Strain
To many a kind domeſtic Train,
Whoſe pious Hearth and genial Bowl
Had chear'd the reverend Pilgrim's Soul:
When, every hoſpitable Rite
With equal Bounty to requite,
He ſtruck his magic Strings;

And

* *Homer.*

And pour'd ſpontaneous Numbers forth,
And caught their Ears with Tales of ancient Worth,
And fill'd their muſing Hearts with vaſt heroic Things.

II. 2.

Now oft, where happy Spirits dwell,
Where yet he tunes his ſacred Shell,
Oft near him, with applauding Hands,
The Genius of his Country ſtands.
To liſt'ning Gods he makes him known,
That Man divine, by whom were ſown
The Seeds of *Græcian* Fame:
Who firſt the Race with Freedom fir'd;
From whom [a] *Lycurgus Sparta*'s Sons inſpir'd;
From whom [b] *Platæan* Palms and [c] *Cyprian* Trophies [came.

II. 3.

O nobleſt, happieſt Age!
When *Ariſtides* rul'd, and *Cimon* fought;
When all the generous Fruits of *Homer*'s Page
Exulting *Pindar* [d] ſaw to full Perfection brought.
O *Pindar*, oft ſhalt thou be hail'd of me:
Not that *Apollo* fed thee from his Shrine;
Not that thy Lips drank Sweetneſs from the Bee;
Nor yet that, ſtudious of thy Notes divine,
Pan danc'd their Meaſure with the ſylvan Throng:
But that thy Song
Was proud to unfold
What thy baſe Rulers trembled to behold;
Amid corrupted *Thebes* was proud to tell
The Deeds of *Athens* and the *Perſian* Shame:

Hence

Hence on thy Head their impious Vengeance fell.
But thou, O faithful to thy Fame,
The Muſe's Law did'ſt rightly know;
That who would animate his Lays,
And other Minds to Virtue raiſe,
Muſt feel his own with all her Honours glow.

III. 1.

Are there, approv'd of later Times,
Whoſe Verſe adorn'd a † Tyrant's Crimes?
Who ſaw majeſtic *Rome* betray'd,
And lent the imperial Ruffian Aid?
Alas! not one polluted Bard,
No, not the Strains that *Mincius* heard,
Or *Tibur*'s Hills reply'd,

Dare

† *Octavius Cæſar.*

Dare to the Muſe's Ear aſpire;
Save while, inſtructed by the *Græcian* Lyre,
With Freedom's native Notes their ſhameful Taſk [they hide.

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread *Pantheon* ſtands,
Amid the Domes of modern Hands!
Amid the Toys of idle State,
How ſimply, how ſeverely great!
Then pauſe; and, while each weſtern Clime
Preſents her tuneful Sons to Time,
Cry, Hail, on *Milton*'s Name;
And add, "Thus differs from the Throng
"The Spirit which inform'd thy awful Song,
"Which bade thy potent Voice protect thy Country's [Fame."

III. 3.

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric Zeal
His Memory with unholy Rage purſues;
While from theſe arduous Cares of public Weal
She bids each Bard begone, & reſt him with his Muſe.
O Fool! to think the Man, whoſe ample Mind
Muſt graſp whatever yonder Stars ſurvey,
And with the Charms of every Scene combin'd
The World's moſt perfect Image muſt diſplay,
Can e'er his Country's Majeſty deſcry
With heedleſs Eye!
O Fool! to deem
That *He*, whoſe Thought muſt viſit every Theme,
Whoſe Heart muſt every ſtrong Emotion know
By Nature planted, or by Fortune taught;

That

That *He*, if haply ſome preſumptuous Foe,
With falſe ignoble Science fraught,
Shall ſpurn at Freedom's faithful Band;
That *He* their dear Defence will ſhun,
Or hide their Glories from the Sun,
Or deal their Vengeance with a Woman's Hand!

IV. 1.

I care not, that in *Arno*'s Meads,
Or where the *Seine* his Current leads,
From public Themes the Muſe's Quire
Content with poliſh'd Eaſe retire.
Where Prieſts the ſtudious Head command,
Where Tyrants bow the warlike Hand
To vile Ambition's Aim,

Say,

Say, what can public Themes afford,
Save venal Honours to an hateful Lord,
Reſerv'd for angry Heaven, & ſcorn'd of honeſt Fame?

IV. 2.

But *here*, where Freedom's equal Throne
To all her valiant Sons is known;
Where All direct the Sword ſhe wears,
And each the Power, that rules him, ſhares;
Here let the Bard, whoſe liſtleſs Feet
From public Labours would retreat,
Bid public Joys farewell:
Let him to fitter Climes remove,
Far from the Heroe's and the Patriot's Love,
And lull myſterious Monks to ſlumber in their Cell.

IV. 3.

IV. 3.

O HASTINGS, not to All
Can ruling Heaven the ſame Endowments lend:
Yet ſtill doth Nature to her Offſpring call,
That each their different Powers to one Purſuit ſhould [bend;
To one, the general Weal. What, tho' the Muſe
With Sweetneſs fill the Boſom of her Son?
Tho' public Power the high Patrician's Brows
With Honour clothe? Yet this Purſuit alone
Can reſcue *Both* from Envy and from Blame.
The Poet's Name
He beſt ſhall prove,
Whoſe Lays the Soul to nobleſt Functions move.
But Thee, O Progeny of Heroes old,
Thee to ſeverer Toils thy Fate requires:
The Fate which form'd Thee in a choſen Mould,

The

The grateful Country of thy Sires,
Thee to ſublimer Paths demand;
Sublimer than thy Sires could trace,
Or thy own [f] EDWARD teach his Race,
Tho' *Gaul*'s proud Genius ſunk beneath his Hand.

V. 1.

From rich Domains and ſubject Farms,
They led the ruſtic Youth to Arms;
And Kings their ſtern Atchievements fear'd;
While private Strife their Banners rear'd.
But loftier Scenes to Thee are ſhown,
Where Empire's wide-eſtabliſh'd Throne
No private Maſter fills:

Where, long foretold, THE PEOPLE reigns;
Where each a Vaſſal's humble Heart diſdains;
And judges what he ſees; and, as he judges, wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
The ſwelling democratic Tide;
To watch the State's uncertain Frame,
And baffle Faction's partial Aim:
But chiefly, with determin'd Zeal,
To quell that ſervile Band, who kneel
To Freedom's baniſh'd Foes;
That Monſter, which is daily found
Expert and bold its Country's Peace to wound;
Yet dreads to handle Arms, nor manly Counſel knows.

V. 3.

V. 3.

'Tis higheſt Heaven's Command,
That guilty Aims ſhould ſordid Paths purſue;
That what enſnares the Heart ſhould curb the [Hand,
And Virtue's worthleſs Foes be falſe to Glory too.
But look on Freedom. See, thro' every Age,
What Labours, Perils, Griefs, hath ſhe diſdain'd!
What Arms, what regal Pride, what prieſtly Rage,
Have her dread Offſpring conquer'd or ſuſtain'd!
For *Albion* well have conquer'd. Let the Strains
Of happy Swains,
Which now reſound
Where [g] *Scarſdale*'s Cliffs the ſwelling Vale ſur- [round,
Bear witneſs. There, let the glad Farmer ſay
What mighty Scenes have honour'd his low Gate,

And ſhew the Stranger paſſing on his Way,
Where *Candiſh*, *Booth*, and *Oſborn* ſate,
When, burſting from their Country's Chain,
Ev'n in the midſt of deadly Harms,
Of papal Snares and lawleſs Arms,
They plann'd for Freedom this her awful Reign.

VI. 1.

This Reign, theſe Laws, this public Care,
Which NASSAU gave us All to ſhare,
Had ne'er adorn'd the *Engliſh* Name,
Could Fear have ſilenc'd Freedom's Claim.
But Fear in vain attempts to bind
Thoſe lofty Efforts of the Mind,
Which ſocial Good inſpires;

Where Men, for *this*, assault a Throne,
Each adds the common Welfare to his own;
And each unconquer'd Heart the Strength of All acquires.

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
Our Fields in civil Blood imbrued?
When Fortune crown'd the barbarous Hoft,
And half the astonish'd Isle was lost?
Did One of all that vaunting Train,
Who dare to curse a *peaceful* Reign,
Durst One in *Arms* appear?
Durst One in Counsels pledge his Life?
Stake his luxurious Fortunes in the Strife?
Or lend his boasted Name his vagrant Friends to chear?

VI. 3.

VI. 3.

Yet, HASTINGS, theſe are they
Who challenge to themſelves thy Country's Love:
The true; the conſtant: who alone can weigh,
What Glory ſhould demand, or Liberty approve!
But let their Works declare them. Thy free Powers,
The generous Powers of thy prevailing Mind,
Not for the Taſks of *their* confederate Hours,
Lewd Brawls and lurking Slander, were deſign'd.
Be thou thy own Approver. Honeſt Praiſe
Oft nobly ſways
Ingenuous Youth:
But from the Coward, and the lying Mouth,
Praiſe is Reproach. Eternal GOD alone
For Mortals fixes that ſublime Award.

HE,

He, from the faithful Records of his Throne,
Bids the Hiſtorian and the Bard
Diſpoſe of Honour and of Scorn;
Diſcern the Patriot from the Slave;
And write the Good, the Wiſe, the Brave,
For Leſſons to the Multitude unborn.

NOTES

NOTES *and* ILLUSTRATIONS.

[a] *Lycurgus*, the *Lacedæmonian* Law-giver, brought into *Greece*, from *Asia Minor*, the first compleat Copy of *Homer*'s Works.

[b] At *Platæa* was fought the decisive Battle between the *Persian* Army, and the united Militia of *Greece* under *Pausanias* and *Aristides*.

[c] *Cimon* the *Athenian* erected a Trophy in *Cyprus* for two great Victories gain'd on the same Day over the *Persians* by Sea and Land. *Diodorus Siculus* has preserv'd the Inscription which the *Athenians* affixed to the consecrated Spoils, after this great Success; in which it is very remarkable that the Greatness of the Occasion has rais'd the Manner of Expression above the usual Simplicity and Modesty of all other ancient Inscriptions. It is this:

Ἐξ οὗ γ' Ἐυρώπην Ἀσίας δίχα πόντος ἔνειμε,
Καὶ πολέας ἀνητῶν δοῦρος Ἄρης ἐπέχει,
Οὐδέν πω τοιοῦτον ἐπιχθονίων γένετ' ἀνδρῶν
Ἔργον ἐν ἠπείρῳ κατὰ πόντον ἅμα.
Οἵδε γὰρ ἐν Κύπρῳ Μήδους πολλοὺς ὀλέσαντες,
Φοινίκων ἑκατὸν ναῦς ἕλον ἐν πελάγει,
Ἀνδρῶν πληθύσας. Μέγα δ' ἔσθενεν Ἀσὶς ὑπ' αὐτῶν,
Πληγεῖσ' ἀμφοτέραις χερσὶ, κρατεῖ πολέμου.

The following Translation is almost literal:

Since first the Sea from *Asia*'s hostile Coast
Divided *Europe*, and the God of War

Assail'd

Aſſail'd imperious Cities; never yet,
At once amid the Waves and on the Shore,
Hath ſuch a Deed been wrought by mortal Men
Who Earth inhabit. They, whoſe Arms the *Medes*
In *Cyprus* felt pernicious, they, the ſame,
Have won from ſkilful *Tyre* an Hundred Ships
Crouded with Warriors. *Aſia* groans, in both
Her Hands ſore ſmitten, and deſerts the War.

d *Pindar* was contemporary with *Ariſtides* and *Cimon*, in whom the Glory of ancient *Greece* was at it's height. When *Xerxes* invaded *Greece*, *Pindar* was true to the common Intereſt of his Country; tho' his Fellow Citizens, the *Thebans*, had ſold themſelves to the *Perſian* King. In one of his Odes he expreſſes the great Diſtreſs and Anxiety of his Mind, occaſion'd by the vaſt Preparations of *Xerxes* againſt *Greece* (*Iſthm.* 8.) In another he celebrates the Victories of *Salamis*, *Platæa*, and *Himera* (*Pyth.* 1.) It will be neceſſary to add two or three other Particulars of his Life, real or fabulous, in order to explain what follows in the Text concerning him. Firſt then, he was thought to be ſo great a Favourite of *Apollo*, that the Prieſts of that Deity allotted him a conſtant Share of their Offerings. It was ſaid of him, as of ſome other illuſtrious Men, that at his Birth a Swarm of Bees lighted on his Lips, and fed him with their Honey. It was alſo a Tradition concerning him, that *Pan* was heard to recite his Poetry, and ſeen dancing to one of his Hymns on the Mountains near *Thebes*. But a real Hiſtorical Fact in his Life is, that the *Thebans* impoſed a large Fine upon him on account of the Veneration which he expreſs'd in his Poems for that Heroic Spirit, ſhewn by the People of *Athens* in Defence of the common Liberty, which his own Fellow Citizens had ſhamefully betrayed. And as the Argument of this Ode implies, that *great Poetical Talents, and high Sentiments of Liberty, do reciprocally produce and aſſiſt each other*, ſo *Pindar* is perhaps the moſt exemplary Proof of this Connection, which occurs in Hiſtory. The *Thebans* were remarkable, in general, for a ſlaviſh Diſpoſition through all the Fortunes of their Common-wealth; at the Time of it's Ruin by *Philip*; and even in its beſt State, under the Adminiſtration of *Pelopidas* and *Epaminondas*: And every one knows, they were no leſs remarkable for great Dullneſs, and Want of all Genius. That *Pindar* ſhould have equally diſtinguiſhed himſelf

from the reſt of his Fellow Citizens in both theſe Reſpects, ſeems ſomewhat extraordinary, and is ſcarce to be accounted for but by the preceding Obſervation.

e, Alluding to his *Defence of the People of* England, againſt *Salmaſius*. See particularly the Manner in which he himſelf ſpeaks of that Undertaking, in the Introduction to his Reply to *Morus*.

f *Edward* the Third; from whom deſcended *Henry Haſtings*, third Earl of *Huntingdon*, by the Daughter of the Duke of *Clarence*, Brother to *Edward* the Fourth.

g At *Whittington*, a Village on the Edge of *Scarſdale* in *Derbyſhire*, the Earls of *Devonſhire* and *Danby*, with the Lord *Delamere*, privately concerted the Plan of the Revolution. The Houſe, in which they met, is at preſent a Farm-houſe and the Country-people diſtinguiſh the Room, where they ſate, by the Name of *the plotting Parlour*.

THE END.